

Bismarck, D. T., Mar. 17, 1875.

A Colorado Jury.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MAUD MULLER IN COLORADO

(Copyright Applied For.)
THE AMAZONIAN CORPS.

A Romance of the Army.

BY LINDA W. SLAUGHTER

CHAPTER XV — THE CONFLICT

After the reading of the sentence,

Then ensued a scene of wild excitement. The soldiers on guard, not daring to leave Ross, danced around like a madman, yelling vociferously for the Corporal of the Guard! Mrs. Redribbons ran out and ordered him to fire his musket after the bold deserter, hearing which, Mr. Torkilson rushed out and told him to do no such thing, it was against regulations to fire a gun inside the palisade, to which superior authority Mrs. Redribbons at once subdided, while the man stood with his musket at half-cock and his mouth open, uncertain which to obey. The sentry on the bastion, however, having received his orders from no uncertain source, was in no doubt as to his duty, and fired his musket not once, but frequently, after the retreating convict. An

armed squad was immediately sent out, and before he reached the welcome covert valley after a volley of musketry sent leaden messengers of death flying on his track.

It was a race for life; the leading form of the desperate man ran on unscathed amid a storm of bullets. He cast frequent glances backward over his shoulder, and dodged his head frequently as the balls rattled around him, but at length he reached the willows, and was lost to view.

A lengthened search ensued, but Jacob could not be found. He had disappeared as mysteriously as had the Corporal, and the hunt was abandoned.

Orders were then given by the Commanding Officer that the willow grove should be destroyed, as it afforded too ready a covert for deserters. It was accordingly cut down, and the withered bushes were afterward collected and burned, leaving only a bare desolate waste where its waving boughs had stood.

The soldier from whose charge he had escaped was severely punished, as was also the one whose guardianship Corporal Casey had eluded.

Three weeks passed, and all hope of recapturing Jacob was abandoned. But one morning, the Corporal in charge of the herd at the Corral, half a mile away, came into the fort bringing with him the truant Jacob. The poor fellow was half dead from starvation, having been wandering aimlessly over the prairie during the whole period of his absence.

He had left the river and travelled northward. Even at that early day, the project of constructing a railroad through the wilderness, a short distance above Ft. Oryza, was beginning to be talked of, and though few had faith that the visionary scheme would ever be put into execution, yet Jacob had heard faint rumors that the engineers were already at work surveying the line west from the Missouri, and he formed the plausible plan of striking out across the prairie to join them. Strange to say he had not the slightest fear of being given up, for, although he well knew that there was a standing offer of thirty dollars reward for the apprehension of a deserter, yet the number of men who will betray a brother in distress for thirty pieces of silver, is comparatively small, and once in the camp of the civilians, he felt his pitiful tale would be believed and aid rendered him.

But he was doomed to a fearful disappointment. The terrible fact was soon forced upon him that he was lost on the bare prairie, with not a shrub nor a bush to mark his way, no water within reach, and without a morsel of food attainable from any source. Then too, he was in danger from the "wild beasts of the desert," the cowardly wolves that would find courage to attack him when his strength began to fail, to say nothing of the more ferocious allies, the Indians, whose blood-thirsty instincts would prolong his torture.

One day he seated himself to rest upon a small peculiarly shaped rock, in which he noticed some fossil shells imbedded in the stony mass, and the next day and the next he observed a similar rock, this time with a well marked trail beside it, and his hopes revived at this token of human proximity. The footprints were distinctly visible and appeared to have been made by the flat soles and low heels of government shoes. Perhaps they were Corporal Casey's, and Jacob, after carefully scanning the horizon, stood still and gave utterance to a wild "Holloo." But naught save the echo of his own voice came back to him. He stood alone beneath the leaden sky, on the desolate solitary wild, and no sound disturbed the solemn calm. A few birds of prey hung lazily flapping in the air. An Indian grave, with its silent occupant, was visible in the dim distance, but the stillness of death hung over the scene. A dread chill, engendered by the horrid silence, shook his frame from head to foot, but resolutely shaking off the insidious weariness that crept over him he went forward with renewed vigor, following the trail that he hopefully believed would lead him to human companionship.

The next day he came again upon a fossil rock, and something familiar in its form and appearance led him to examine it closely. The horrible truth burst upon him! The rock was the same he had passed from day to day, and the footprints were his own! He was lost! hopelessly lost! and had been traveling around in a circle day after day, following his own painful footsteps, that were leading him all too surely to his death!

The shock of this discovery, in his weakened state, was a painful one. He sank down fainting beside the fatal rock, and lay for several hours unconscious.

When at length he awoke from his deathly swoon, a peculiar change had crept over the dreary landscape. The sky and prairie and even the very air seemed thrilled to a vivid yellow, a strange ringing was in his ears and a dull feeling of torpor held his limbs enclosed as with a vise. Could this be death? He felt rather than thought the question. It was a pleasant feeling at all events. All sense of hunger and thirst had departed; he was conscious of no pain or suffering, nothing but an

intense feeling of weariness, and an irresistible desire to sleep, to sleep at once.

He relapsed again into unconsciousness, and when he awoke it was at night, and he was alone. The beating of a small storm in his face. He sat up. The rain had saved him from the fatal sleep, but his limbs were racked with pain more fearful than anything he had ever known. His clothes were saturated, and his whole frame chilled with the cold penetrating drops that seemed to pierce his very soul. Daylight came at length, and with his mind keenly alive to the necessity of immediate action he arose and after scanning carefully the two arcs of the beaten circle that touched the rock, by which he stood, he set out in a direction directly opposite to it, and pressed forward with all the speed of which his little remaining strength was capable.

He now began to feel symptoms of delirium. His mind wandered at times, and at others was preternaturally clear. He bent all his mental energies to preserve the balance of his mind, and struggled desperately against the enticing phantom of insanity that beckoned him away. Visions of beauty arose before him, and grotesque horrors appalled him by turn, yet through it all was the desperate endeavor of mind conscious of its own danger, and striving to grasp the mocking shapes of distorted ideas that he might lead the weird wanderings of a disordered imagination back to their proper channels.

At nightfall the same day he came suddenly upon a place that seemed to him strangely familiar, and while striving to collect his confused thoughts sufficiently to recollect where it was, he became conscious that a human shape was standing near him, and a human voice, the tones of which seemed smothered and far away, accosted him. Then the truth came home to him that he was at the Corral, near Fort Oryza, and the visionary shape was in reality, the Corporal in charge of the herd in the act of arresting him; yes, there was no mistake, for there were the patient old mules and blue wagons of the corral. By what blind fatality had he returned from his perilsous wanderings to the very jaws of the living death from which he had escaped? yet at that moment he could not have told whether he were more glad or sorry, for now at least water and food were within reach and his life would be spared.

He was tenderly cared for by the Corporal and his men. A soft bed of blankets was made on the ground floor of their tent, and water and soaked hard tack, cautiously administered a little at a time, and then he was suffered to fall into a long deep sleep from which he awoke strengthened, and in his right mind, but so weak and weary that he had little inclination left to journey on even had he been at liberty.

He was quite rational and implored the men not to surrender him to the authorities at the Fort, begging pitiously that they would shield him until restored to strength and health, when he would once more set out for home, and once there, out of his abundant means would liberally recompense them.

But in vain; however much they pitied him, they knew too well the penalty of harboring a deserter, and there was too many of them to be trusted with the secret.

Besides the Corporal was in command, and failure on his part to arrest and surrender a deserter would be a most serious crime to be dealt with severely if discovered.

Besides there were not thirty dollars reward offered for his capture? and the Corporal may have felt that even so small a bird in the hand was worth more than several larger ones in an imaginary bush in the future. But whether moved by a sense of duty or a desire of greed is not known, but he sturdily refused all Jacob's tempting offers of bribes, and began preparations to take him, without delay, to the Fort.

An old gray horse was caught and saddled, which the Corporal mounted, and leading Jacob by a rope fastened securely to his wrists, set out for the Fort, but as soon as out of sight of the Corral, the Corporal dismounted, and the feeble Jacob was bolstered up into the saddle, the Corporal leading the horse, and keeping close watch of Jacob. In this way they proceeded until in sight of the Fort, when they once more exchanged places, and the Corporal created quite a sensation by riding briskly into the Fort, leading the submissive Jacob by his side. A crowd quickly collected. The Corporal made his report to the officer of the day, delivered up his captive, and received his thirty dollars reward, although it was observed that he carefully avoided looking at his prisoner after having taken the money. Jacob was at once given in charge of the Corporal of the guard. His shackles were replaced, with the chain shortened several links and the bands made doubly secure. At fatigue call he was sent out as usual with the working party, and the usual amount of hard labor exacted, regardless of his feeble state.

Ross was much surprised, on his return to the guardhouse at retreat, to find Jacob in his old place in the ranks. He was greatly shocked at the fearful

change in his appearance. His lank cheeks and swollen eyes, together with the deathly pallor of his face, made him resemble a moving corpse. He had suffered great anxiety of mind during his companions absence, not only from apprehensions as to Jacob's fate, but from the fear that if Jacob should succeed in reaching home, he would inform his friends of his disgrace and misery. His heart sank as he thought of the consequences to his mother should she learn suddenly his terrible fate. Hence there was a faint sense of relief, mingled with the regret, with which he welcomed Jacob's return.

In his wretched state the excitement proved too much for Ross, and he succumbed entirely to the illness that for so long a time had held him gently in its insidious grasp.

He was removed to the hospital and spent much of his time in sleep, and even his waking moments were spent in lying on his couch, with closed eyes, enjoying to the full extent, the unwonted luxury of rest and a soft bed.

He suffered little pain, but his weakness was pitiable, but every one was kind and gentle to him, and he gratefully accepted the few little quiet tenders of attentions of which he stood in need.

While in the hospital Ross had a most singular dream, and one that left a profound impression upon his mind. He dreamed that the ghost of Corporal Casey appeared at his bedside, wearing so sad and gloomy a face that Ross tenderly asked it what was the matter.

"A great misfortune has overtaken me," said the ghost "a crowning calamity that casts all my previous sorrows in the shade—There's a female, a writin' my biography!"

"What do you mean?" said Ross; "Why don't you remember I told you that day, when we took French leave together, that I once began to write a story book; and set out as a reformer slashing right and left with the two edged sword of caricature and sarcasm? Well, I didn't finish telling you about that book; you see I am rather a careless writer, and every time I made a *lupus penna*, there were scores of vulgar minds to misinterpret, and misapply. *Don't soit que mal a pense*" thought I, and went on: But unluckily I touched upon the sin of slander, and half the women in the community at once rose up in arms, under the delusion that my general remarks were intended as a personal reflection upon themselves. *Hem! well ladies, thought I, that cap was not woven for you, but if it fits, and you choose to put it on and wear it I for one shall not object,*" and went with the story. But soon as I began to fire "paper bullets of the brain," at the glaring abuses of army life, there was a rattling among the dry bones, and sundry females formed a plan of revenge. Friends always take the lead in the army,—and now one of 'em is a writin' my biography!—Here the ghost disappeared, and Ross awoke with a start, and found himself sitting bolt upright in bed, with the attendants staring curiously at him. He laid down quickly, and tried to shake off his gloomy feelings, but all through the solemn nightwatches he heard the somber tones of the Corporal's sorrowful refrain "There's a female a writin' my biography!"

There was likewise another incident of a different nature that impressed Ross deeply. A Sister of Charity soliciting aid for her church arrived at the fort, and was hospitably entertained by the commanding officer. In accordance with the time honored custom of her order, she visited the hospital, and even the wretched inmates of the guardhouse were not forgotten. Ross was lying idly on his couch, his eyes closed, and his thoughts far away, and busy with the scenes of other days, when a gentle voice aroused him. He opened his eyes, and for a brief space felt that he must be dreaming, for leaning over his lowly bed with the tenderest look of pity in the soft hazel eyes, was a beautiful face, closely shrouded in the heavy black vestments of the holy sisterhood; a face so pure and spiritual, so cleansed from earthly dross and sensual feeling, that it seemed the etherealized expression of a guiltless, heavenborn soul.

She spoke kindly to the stricken boy, gave him gentle words of hope and encouragement, and bade him look to a higher power for comfort in his grief.

Her ministrations were welcome as the flowers of May to the broken-hearted boy. It was the first time in his dreary term of service that he had heard the name of Jesus spoken, reverently, or things sacred alluded to, save only when coupled with profanity and ribald oaths. There were no Chaplains in the department then, though whether from negligence on the part of the assailing authorities, or reluctance on the part of those pious men to brave the dangers and desolation of exposed frontier posts, Ross did not know. But he did know that the men were left to live with their souls uncared for, and to die without the comforts of religion. Hence the gentle ministrations of the kind sister, were doubly welcome. His early religious teachings had never been forgotten, and even in his stern experience of the world, he had held fast to the faith of his father. Like most youths in strictly Protestant communities, he had been bred in prejudice against the Roman Catholic church, and

was early taught to regard its votaries as wholly evil.

But his lifelong prejudices, and biased feelings, melted away utterly before the sweet voice of the young sister who had sought him out in his grief and loneliness, and unnumbered of his disgrace had spoken the first true words of fervent sympathy he had heard since leaving home. His eyes followed her, as she moved softly around the ward, stopping a moment by each bedside, and cheering its feeble occupant with the blessed words of faith and prayer. And when she was gone, when her trailing black robes and peaceful face had vanished noiselessly through the door, it seemed as if an angel's benediction had fallen upon the sick men in the lowly beds. A solemn stillness reigned, and each silent invalid laid still in utter quiet, comforted and upraised by the healing influence and consoling balm of holy words.

Ross never forgot this incident, and long years afterward the memory of their gentle visitant, cheered his heart and checked his hasty judgment.

(Continued next week.)

MARRIED LIFE IN NEVADA.
The Confidential Talk a Young Couple Had About Faults, and What Came of It.

After having been married some weeks, it came into the head of a young husband in this city, one Sunday, when he had but little to occupy his mind to suggest to his wife that they should plainly and honestly state the faults that each had discovered in the other since they had been man and wife. After some hesitation the wife agreed to the proposition, but stipulated that the rehearsal should be made in all sincerity, and with an honest view to the bettering of each other, as otherwise it would be of no use to speak of the faults to which marriage had opened their eyes. The husband was of the same mind, and his wife asked him to begin with her faults. He was reluctant, but his wife insisted that he was the first to propose the matter, and as he was at the head of the house it was his place to take the lead. Thus urged, he began the recital. He said:

"My dear, one of the first faults I observed in you after we began keeping house was that you neglected the lin-weave a good deal. You didn't keep it scoured as bright as it should be. My mother always took great pride in her lin-weave, and kept it as bright as a dollar."

"I am glad that you have mentioned it, dear," said the wife, blushing a little; "hereafter you shall see no spec on cup or pan. Pray proceed."

"I have also observed," said the husband, "that you are very careless in your dress without washing them, and finally throw them away. Now, when at home, I remember that my mother always used to wash out her dish-rags when she was done using them, and hang them up where they could dry, ready for the next time she would need them."

Blushing as before, the young wife promised to amend this fault.

The husband continued with a most formidable list of similar faults, many more than we have space to enumerate, when he declared that he could think of nothing more that was worthy of mention.

The young wife sat in silence, her face flushed to the temples, and a great lump came in her throat, which she seemed to be striving hard to swallow.

"Proceed, my dear; tell me all the faults you have observed in me, sparing none."

"I am going to tell you one, my dear," said the husband, "and I have found it in a manner of fault with you. Now, do tell me some of my faults; know I have many—ten times as many as ever you had, or ever will have. Let me hear them."

"Indeed, husband, it is as I tell you, you have not a single fault that I can see. Whenever you do seem right in my eyes, I have never once observed it. In my eyes you are perfect, and all that you do seems to me to be done in the best manner, and just what should be done."

"But, my dear," said the husband, his face red dening and his voice growing husky with emotion, "I am not a saint, I have faults of a manner of fault with you. Now, do tell me some of my faults; know I have many—ten times as many as ever you had, or ever will have. Let me hear them."

"Indeed, husband, it is as I tell you, you have not a single fault that I can see. Whenever you do seem right in my eyes, I have never once observed it. In my eyes you are perfect, and all that you do seems to me to be done in the best manner, and just what should be done."

"Non sense, my dear, you know sometimes I go away at night, and you know I stay up late, and you know I am not at home; I spend my money for drinks and cigars when I ought to bring it home to you; I—"

"No, you don't," cried his wife; "you do nothing of the kind. I like to see you enjoy yourself; I should be unhappy were you to do otherwise than just exactly as you do."

"God bless you, little wife!" cried the now thoroughly subjugated husband; "from this moment you have not a fault in the world! Indeed, you never had a fault; I was just joking; don't remember a word I said. I am the happiest man in the world, and I shall be so for the rest of my life."

Never again did the husband scrutinize the lin-weave nor examine the dish-rag—never so much as mention one of the faults he had enumerated; but, nevertheless, the neighbor-women were wont to say: "It is wonderful how near Mrs. Ross keeps everything about her house. Her lin-weave is always as bright as a new dollar, and I do believe she not only washes, but irons her dish-rags!" And the neighbor-men were heard to say: "What a steady fellow Mr. Ross has got to be! he don't spend a dime where he used to spend dollars, and can never be kept from home half an hour when he is not at work. He seems to worship that wife of his."—*Virginia City Enterprise.*

Life in Nova Scotia.

A private letter from a man, who has traveled all over the maritime provinces in the last year or two, says: "A large part of the country through which I have passed has been thinly settled, and the people are quite ignorant; fully one-half can neither read nor write, or at best can do it very imperfectly. The Springfield *Republican* could not live here fifteen minutes. Rum flows without restriction over almost all the provinces. In fact it is a paradise here for a drinking man, as the women do most of the work in the fields and give a man a great deal of leisure to spend at the bar. Woman in almost all the hotels do all the portering and showing people to bed, and you can imagine the outrage to my bachelor 'feelings', when the landlord calls out to the kitchen girl, 'Mary, show this man to bed.' Anybody in Massachusetts, seriously inconvenienced by the liquor law, can come over here, rent a house cheap, and hire a girl at four dollars a month, who will chop all his wood, milk his cows, black his boots, &c. What the women gain by living out of doors is lost in the house. I have lived, this year, more like a man in a pig-pen than anything else. I don't believe there are fifty women in all Nova Scotia or New Brunswick who can cook a decent meal of victuals, such as you can get at almost any farm-house in the States."

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